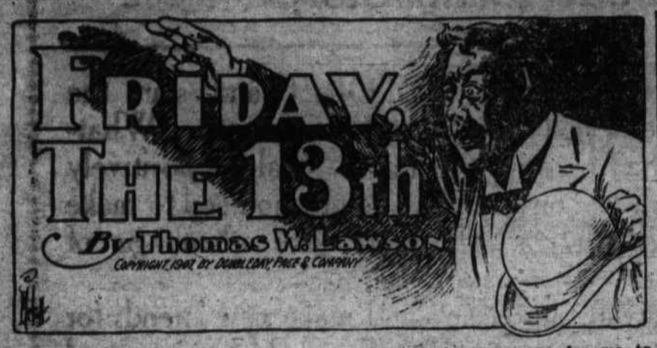
The Pocahontas Times.

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Chapter 1.

"Friday, the 13th: I thought as much, if Bob has started, there will be hell, but I will see what I can do."

The sound of my voice as I dropped the receiver seemed to part the mists of five years and usher me into the world of Then as though it had never passed on.

I had been sitting in my office, letting the tape slide through my fingers while its every yard spelled "panic" in a constantly rising voice, when they told me that Brownley on the floor of the exchange wanted me at the 'phone, and "quick." Brownley was our junior partner and floor man. He talked with a rush. Stock exchange floor men in panics never let their speech hobble.

"Mr. Randolph, it's sizzling over here, and it's getting hotter every second. It's Bob—that is evident to all. If he keeps up this pace for 20 minutes longer, the sulphur will overflow the street and get into the banks and into the country, and no man can tell how much territory will be burned over by to-morrow. The boys have begged me to ask you to throw yourself into the breach and stay him. They agree you are the only hope now."

"Are you sure, Fred, that this is Bob's work?" I asked. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I have just come from his office, and glad I was to get out. He's on the war-path, Mr. Randolph—uglier than I ever saw him. The last time he broke loose was child's play to his mood to-day. Mother sent me word this morning that she saw last night the spell was coming. He had been up to see her and sisters, and mother thought from his tone he was about to disappear again. When she told me of his mood, and I remembered the day, I was afraid he might seek his vent here. Also I heard of his being about town till long after midnight. The minute I opened his office door he flew at me like a panther. I told him I had only dropped in on my rounds for an order, as they were running off right smart, and I didn't know but he might like to pick up some bargains. 'Bargains!' he roared, 'don't you know the day? Don't you know it is Friday, the 13th? Go back to that hell-pit and sell, sell.' 'Sell what and how much?' I asked. 'Anything, everything. Give the thieves every share they will take, and when they won't take any more, ram as much again down their crops until they spit up all they have been buying for the last three months!' Going out I met Jim Holliday and Frank Swan rushing in. They are evidently executing Bob's orders, and have been pouring Anti-People's out for an hour. They will be on the floor again in a few minutes, so I thought it safer to call you before I started to sell. Mr. Randolph, they cannot take much more of anything in here, and if I begin to throw stocks over, it will bring the gavel inside of ten minutes, and that will be to announce a dozen failures. It's yet 20 minutes to one, and God only knows what will happen before three. It's up to you, Mr. Randolph, to do something, and unless I am on a bad slant, you haven't many minutes to lose."

It was then I dropped the receiver with "I thought as much!" As vision of Bob—and his option during the past five years had been exercised many a time—mother and brother had to take their place with all the rest of the world, for then Bob knew no kindred, no friends. All the wide world was to him during those periods a jungle peopled with savage animals and reptiles to hunt and fight and tear and kill.

It is hardly necessary for me to explain who Randolph & Randolph are. For more than 60 years the name has spoken for itself in every part of the world where dollar-making machines are installed. No railroad is financed, no great "industrial" projected, without by force of habit, hat-in-handing a by-your-leave of Randolph & Randolph, and every nation when entering the market for loans, knows that the favor of the foremost American bankers is something which must be reckoned with. I pride myself that at 42, at the end of ten years I have had the helm of Randolph & Randolph, I have done nothing to mar the great name my father and uncle created, but something to add to its sterling reputation for honest dealing, fearless, old-fashioned methods, and all-round integrity. Bradstreet's and other mercantile agencies say in reporting Randolph & Randolph: "Worth fifty millions and upward, credit unlimited." I can take but small praise for this, for the report was about the same the day I left college and came to the office to "learn the business." But, as the survivor of my great father and uncle, I can say, my Maker as my witness, that Randolph & Randolph have never loaned a dollar of their millions at over legal rates, six per cent. per annum; have never added to their hoard by any but fair, square business methods; and that blight of blights, frenzied finance, has yet to find a lodging place beneath the old black-and-gold sign that father and uncle nailed up with their own hands over the entrance.

Nineteen years ago I was graduated from Harvard. My classmate and chum, Bob Brownley, of Richmond, Va., was graduated with me. He was class poet, I, yard marshal. We had been four years together at St. Paul's previous to entering Harvard. No girl and lover were fonder than we of each other.

My people had money and to spare, and with it a hard-headed, northern horse sense. The Brownleys were poor as church mice, but they had the brilliant, virile blood of the old southern oligarchy and the romantic, "salaam-to-no-one" Dixie-land pride of before-the-war days, when southern prodigality and hospitality were found wherever women were fair and men's mirrors in the bottom of their julep-glasses.

Bob's father, one of the big, white pillars of southern aristocracy, had gone through congress and the senate of his country to the tune of "Spend and Not Spare," which left his widow and three younger daughters and a small son dependent upon Bob, his eldest.

Many a warm summer afternoon, as Bob and I paddled down the Charles, and often on a cold, crispy night as we sat in my shooting-box on the Cape Cod shore, had we matched up for our future. I was to have the inside run of the great banking business of Randolph & Randolph, and Bob was eventually to represent my father's firm on the floor of the stock exchange. "I'd die in an office," Bob used to say, "and the floor of the stock exchange is just the chimney-place to roast my hoe-cake in." So when our college days were over my able old father stood us up against the wall in his office, and tried us by his tests, and proud we both were when dad said: "Jim, you and Bob have chosen well. You, Jim, are just the chap to step into my shoes, and Bob is cut to a thirty-second and sixty-fourth for the floor." Proud we were, not so much because of what my father's decision meant for our future, for we knew we should get into the business all right, but because our judgment was indorsed by one we both thought as near infallible as man could be in anything pertaining to business affairs.

Bob was then 22 and I a year older—I one of your raw-boned New England lads, not much for prettiness, but willing to weigh in race-day with any of them for steadiness and staying qualities; Bob as handsome as they made them, six feet tall in his gym sandals straight as an arrow, with the form of an Indian, and one of those clean, brave, all-for-heart-nothing-for-policy, smiling faces to which men yield willing friendliness, and women, idolatry. Bob's eyes were as big and round and purple-brown as an English bulldog's, unfathomable, at once mild and stern, with a childish come-and-go perplexity; his nose as straight as though chiseled by a master for a Greek medallion, with thin curved lips to correspond, and a high, broad forehead, whose whiteness was set off by a luxuriance of hair that seemed jet-black, but was of the same rare purple-brown as his eyes. But it was the poise of Bob's head that gave his good looks their crown. Whoever has seen a bunch of two-year-old colts in a long-grass Kentucky paddock, when the darky boy lets loose his shrill whistle at "taking-up time," is sure to remember one that threw up its head and kept it poised to make sure it had caught the call. Grace, strength and unharnessed wayward leadership are there personified. Some such suggestion was ever in the carriage of Bob's shapely head and

"Then again, Jim," he continued in a tone of great seriousness, "there's a little secret I have never let even you into. The truth is I am not safe yet—not safe to speak for the old house of Randolph & Randolph. Yes, you may laugh—you who are, and always have been, as staunch and steady as the old bronze John Harvard in the yard, you who know Monday mornings just what you are going to do Saturday nights and all the days and nights in between, and who always do it. Jim, I have found since I have been over on the floor that the southern gambling blood that made by grandfather, on one of his trips back from New York, though he had more land and slaves than he could use, stake his land and slaves—yes, and grandmother's too—on a card game, and—lose, and change the whole face of the Brownley destiny—those same gambling microbes are in my blood, and when they begin to claw and gnaw I want to do something; and, Jim"—and the big brown eyes suddenly shot sparks—"if those microbes ever get unleashed, there'll be mischief to pay on the floor—sure there will!"

Bob's handsome head was thrown back; his thin nostrils dilated as though there was in them the breath of conflict. The lips were drawn across the white teeth with just part enough to show their edges, and in the depths of the eyes was a dark-red blaze that somehow gave the impression one gets in looking down some long avenue of black at the instant a locomotive headlight rounds a curve at night.

Twice before, way back in our college days, I had had a peep at this gambling tempter of Bob's. Once in a poker game in our rooms, when a crowd of New York classmates tried to run him out of a hand by the sheer weight of coin. And again at the Pequot house at New London on the eve of a varsity boat race, when a Yale crowd shook a big wad of money and taunts at Bob until with a yell he left his usually well-leaded feet and frightened me, whose allowance was dollars to Bob's cents, at the sum total of the bet cards he signed before he cleared the room of Yale money and came to with a white face streaming with cold perspiration. These events had passed out of my memory as the ordinary student breaks that any hot-blooded youth is liable to make in like circumstances. As I looked at Bob that day, while he tried to tell me that the business of Randolph & Randolph would not be safe in his keeping, I had to admit to myself that I was puzzled. I had regarded my old college chum not only as the best mentally harnessed man I had ever met, but I knew him as the soul of honor, that honor of the old story-books, and I could not credit his being tempted to jeopardise unfairly the rights of property of another. But it was habit with me to let Bob have his way, and I did not press him to come into our firm as a full partner.

Five years later, during which time affairs, business and social, had been slipping along as well as either Bob or I could have asked, I was preparing for another sit-down to show my chum that the time had now come for him to help me in earnest, when a queer thing happened—one of those unaccountable incidents that God sometimes sees fit to drop across the life-paths of His children, paths heretofore as straight and far-ahead visible as highways along which one has never to look twice to see where he is traveling; one of those events that, looked at retrospectively, are beyond all human understanding.

It was a beautiful July Saturday noon and Bob and I had just "packed up" for the day preparatory to joining Mrs. Randolph on my yacht for a run down to our place at Newport. As we stepped out of his office one of the clerks announced that a lady had come in and had particularly asked to see Mr. Brownley.

"Who the deuce can she be, coming in at this time on Saturday, just when all alive men are in a rush to shake the heat and dirt of business for food and the good air of all outdoors?" growled Bob. Then he said, "Show her in."

Another minute and he had his answer.

(To be Continued)

The fault-finder, man of woman, like the intoxacated man, imagines all the world is wrong but himself. He is spiritually sick, but he is not aware of it. By his pernicious habit he makes all his tasks burdens, embitters the sweet relations between friends, regards life as a great nightmare, and infects the most joyous scenes with gloom, discontent and misery. And when he wonders why he is always sick and ailing, poor and miserable, and why the world is a hell instead of a heaven, never dreams that he himself makes what he sees and feels. Therefore, as Geikie says: "After all it is not what is around us, but what is in us; not what we have but what we are that makes us happy."—Ex.

Lord Northcliff, owner of the London Times, in a newspaper interview, predicted war between Great Britain and Germany. He said that the Krupp gun works were working 100,000 men day and night and on Sundays in the effort to provide the German emperor with sufficient weapons.

JAMES A. MOFFETT

Captain of Industry.

The true companion and associate, the real joint leader with Mr. Folger in the new Standard Oil of the younger generation, is James Andrew Moffett. He is a little older than Mr. Folger, having been born in 1851 in Pocahontas County, Virginia. He is of Scotch-Irish descent on his father's side, while on the distaff side his ancestry is English. This is often a most fortunate ancestry, and from it have come many of the great leaders of American industry and commerce.

Mr. Moffett was too young to serve in the civil war, for he was only 10 years of age when the war broke out, but he saw enough of its ravages and horrors to furnish him thrilling and romantic recollections which he sometimes inparts to his friends. He was of school age then, but he was obliged to rely entirely upon the little private schools of the South for his education. In them he couldn't get the most satisfactory education possible at that time, since the schools were likely to be interrupted at any time by the approach of armies and the danger of impending battle.

While he was going to school and, boy fashion, giving heed to the war rumors and clashes that were thick around him, he frequently wondered what he would do after his school days were over. The war itself solved the the problem for him. His father was a farmer and naturally enough his farm was not in the best of condition at the close of the war. So young Moffett, when he was 15 years of age, took off his coat and set out to become a farmer's boy, and there is no feature of Southern farm life with which he was not then made familiar.

As a farm boy he worked so hard, and yet so economically, in the sense that he made every stroke of work count, that some of the veteran farmers who were neighbors of his father, predicted that some day the boy would be the owner of a good-sized farm and would get rich as riches counted in those parts at that time. He was always looking for a way in which to economize time and get the most possible out of the soil, and on these methods the ancient tillers of the soil based their prophecies.

But near by, when Mr. Moffett was about 19 years of age, began some of the first developments of the oil fields of West Virginia. The youngster was attracted to them almost exactly as, at the same time, young Henry C. Frick was attracted to the coke fields which were not very far away, and he was taken into the employ of one of the oil companies of Parkersburg.

In a little while after that the managers of the Standard Oil Company got their eyes fixed upon him Moffett unconsciously forced that company to see him, and all because a golden opportunity had come to him, and he had seized it.

There was a big refinery in Parkersburg which had a pretty capable superintendent. That was in the day when there were a great many independent refineries and very lively competition, some of it of the cut-throat order. Rival oil companies did not hesitate to tempt away from other concerns men who were competent and experienced. And so one of the great oil companies secretly approached the superintendent of young Moffett's company and made him a tempting offer, conditioned upon his promise to take the offer immediately. It was thought that the departure of this superintendent would demoralize the rival concern and destroy the competition which it had successfully carried on. This was regarded at the time as fair competition.

The superintendent went over without warning to the new company, and he did something else which was also regarded as fair play at that time. He took over with him a majority of the skilled men of the refinery. As a result, it looked for a day or two as though he had practically destroyed, at least for a while, the efficiency of the refinery of which he had been superintendent.

But he did not know that there was a youngster employed in that refinery who thought he could make good. Young Moffett was then only in his twenties, and his place was relatively a subordinate one, but he had mastered it. Not only that—nobody but himself knew that he had made himself really an understudy for every important position in the refinery. So when the crisis came he saw his opportunity and went after it.

"I think I can run the refinery if you will let me," he said to the managers.

They looked at him a moment in amazement. But when he told them a few things about the busines they joyfully recognized in him a very industrious and competent young refiner. So they told him to jump into the breach and see what he could do. Within a month he proved himself a veritable young captain of industry—he saved the refinery from demoralization.

That was young Moffett's business beginning. The executive officers of the Standard Oil Company promptly nabbed him and sent him to the Pratt Refining Company of Brooklyn. He wasn't there very long before the promise which he had brought from Parkersburg of high ability was proved filled. Then he was made a member of the manufacturing committee of the Standard Oil Company, a very important post. He was practically self taught, but he had apparently an inborn gift for executive action and admipistration.

There came a time when enormous refineries were established at Whiting, Ind., just over the Illinois line, and within the Chicago district. These refineries were taking 30,000 barrels of crude oil a day and converting it into refined oil. This enormous branch of the Standard Oil was placed under the charge of Mr. Moffett when he was only 39 years of age. Here he mastered the oil business so far as the executive direction and administration of its enormous sales were concerned, so that after a brief interval, when he went to New York as one of the directors of the Standard Oil Company, when just 50 years of age, he was elected president of the Indiana company whose great refineries were at Whiting.

That presidency brought Mr. Moffett directly into conspicuous notice at the time of the governmental prosecution of the Inniana company, which resulted the $29,000,000 fine. In this trial he was the great defendant, and it was the defense which he prepared and the exhaustive statement which he made for the instruction of counsel, upon which the United States Appellate Court reversed the trial and set aside the sentence of the fine.

When H. H. Rogers began to let up in his activities in Standard Oil, so that he might have greater opportunity to build his tidewater railroad from the coal fields of West Virginia to Norfolk, Mr. Moffett was placed in charge of the supervision of the Standard Oil transportation department. The business of this department is collossal and very detailed. It was one of which Mr. Roges was the complete master, and the question was whether it would be possible to find any one who would be able to carry on the truly difficult work with the brilliant success with which Mr. Rogers had done it. But so successful was Mr. Moffett that he was not only elected vice president of the Stanrard Oil, taking the place formerly held by Mr. Rogers, but he also succeeded to almost all of the offices held by Mr. Rogers at the time of his death. There are a good many of these offices: any one of them would be thought sufficient business for a capable and energetic man. For instance, there are the presidencies of the Southern Pipe Line Company, of the Northern Pipe Line Company, the Southwestern Pennsylvania Pipe Line Company and seven others. It takes an intellect and temperment of unusual administrative and executive power to successfully handle and economically to direct business of this kind.

Durbin

Dry frosty weather. So dry that the Brush Run Lumber Company have had to shut down their mill.

Isaac Graves is moving back to town we are glad to learn.

The sick are improving. Miss Lalla Gray Lockridge, a graduate of the Red Cross School for Nurses of Philadelphia, has been nursing the sick in town.

Miss Myrtle Ashford, the milliner, will be at Cass October 11 and at Boyer October 18. Her shop here, however, will be open, in charge of a milliner.

Squire Keirn is building a residence. He intends to rent his hotel.

A fine bridge is being built across the Back Branch of the Greenbrier, but not before it is needed, as the old one has been the cause of the death of several fine horses and the loss of a number of wagons.

W. J. Wilmoth, of Boyer, was in town Saturday on his way to Pennsylvania to visit his family.

Hills.

The weather is cool and frosty with but little indications of rain.

Mrs. Wm. H. Dilley and Miss Maud Fertig are visiting on Elk this week.

Mrs. G. H. Shrader and children were visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McCarty, Saturday night and Sunday.

Hanson Shrader is home from Cheat mountain where he has been employed on the log loader for some time. He will return to Cheat next week.

The Childrens day at Frost was largely attended, and all enjoyed a fine time.

Rev. Lambert anticipates a series of meeting at Bethel soon. He will also have with him a man from Roanoke, Va. who will assist him in the revival.

Sheldon Moore is building an addition to his granary.

Luther Hively expects to leave for camp in a few days.

There was a big frost in this section on the morning of the24th.

Commander Robert E. Peary has about convinced his countryman that he is as envious, selfish, jealous and mean as the devil wants him. We are of the deliberate opinion now that he never saw the North pole. A man who has exhibited as much of the jackass as Peary could not be believed about anything. There is nothing to this citizen. He will wind up like William T. Sampson, justly and truly despised for his littleness He may bear away the palm for being the narrowest meanest man in America but Cook will have the sole honor for discovering the North Pole—Hinton Herald.

Charleston, W. Va.—Attorney General Conley returned today from New York, where he had appeared before Special Master Littlefield in the Virginia debt suit. Owing to the fact that the printing of the record was not complete the argument of the case was postponed until November 4th.

Why We Are Stronger.

The old Greeks and Romans were great admirers of health and strength; their, pictures and statuary made the muscles of the men stand out like cords.

As a matter of fact we have athletes and strong men—men fed on fine strength making food such as Quaker Oats—that would win in any contest with the old Roman or Greek champions. 2

It's a matter of food. The finest food for making strength of bone, muscle and nerve is fine oatmeal. Quaker Oats is the best because it is pure, no husks or stems or black specks. Farmers' wives are finding that by feeding the farm hands plentifully on Quaker Oats they get the best results in work and economy. If you are convenient to the store buy the regular size packages; if not near the store, buy the large size family package; if in a hot climate, the hermetically sealed tins.